



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. IV.

IT is too frequently the case, said the gentleman, that the domestics in a family, have grown up, not to say have been educated, amidst rude manners and corrupt morals. Under restraint, in presence of those they serve, it may be a long time before the heads of the family obtain information of the base examples, which, (when that restraint is off) they are daily exhibiting before the children, who gradually imbibe the pernicious habits of their inferiors, and at an early season become mimics in rudeness and in vice. These habits, which must not be displayed within the observation of their parents, beget a disrelish to their home, and a desire to be abroad, where full liberty may be indulged, among associates of similar inclinations; and this desire is gratified by the parents, without a suspicion of its origin, or consequences. The evil associations of the street continue adding lessons to those of the kitchen, until some gross misdemeanor awakes the astonishment and regret of the parents, to the exercise of their imagination, in wondering how their children could acquire base habits, and of their judgment, in endeavors to eradicate them.

This evil, said the lady, is principally owing to the great difficulty of obtaining domestics of good character, and the constant changes which are made in their places of residence; our cities are generally suffering under these complaints, nor can I think of any mode by which they may be redressed.

True, said he, some of the first seeds of moral evil are often sown by those whom we consider as in too low a station of life to have any influence in society; their passions and their habits are the only superiors they submit to, from having been under no instruction or subordination; and when at liberty they are governed by those impulses alone, to the great injury of the rising generation, who acquire many unamiable habits from this source. But as in cases of difficulty, I make it a rule *never to despair*, I have hopes that this evil, which is so generally lamented, will in some future day be redressed, particularly as it appears to me

that a variety of measures might be adopted for the purpose, some of which would undoubtedly be effectual.

An involuntary exclamation of terror here transferred the attention of the passengers from the discourse, to a young lady in the coach, who appeared to be near fainting. We were just entering a seaport town, and upon suddenly turning a corner an object, which was passed unnoticed, or unregarded by the other passengers, had caught her attention, and produced this effect. It was a man stretched at length on one side of the street, with his face partly covered. Why, said one of the passengers, did you never before see a man drunk? I thought—said she, Oh! I thought he had been murdered! A loud laugh ensued;—the colour, which by the fright had forsaken her youthful countenance, now returned, and by a delicate suffusion, expressed the mortification which succeeded her terrors. She apologized for the alarm she had given, by informing us, that she was the daughter of a clergyman in a retired part of the country, where she had not been familiarized to those scenes, and that she was now going to pay her first visit to the city, to see a sister who had been lately settled there. She observed that she had been reading in the late papers, numerous accounts of murders which had been committed; that they had made a deep impression upon her mind; and that this unexpected sight, which so suddenly met her observation, and struck her, as one of those shocking instances.

She then inquired if it were possible, that this debasement of human nature by intoxication had become so common a spectacle in our cities, as to pass unnoticed by the traveller, and unregarded by the police or the magistrate. She was informed that it was really so; and further, that it was an evil not so easily to be prevented in a republican government. She replied with an acknowledgment of her total ignorance of the meaning of the term "republican government," and asked if it meant a government which nourished vice.—Nourish vice! a republican government nourish vice! No, miss! a republican government is the most virtuous of any government on earth, miss!

This was uttered with so much vehemence, by one of the men who had before taken an interest in the dispute at the tavern, that the young lady, fearing she had given offence, apologized by observing, that her question was designed only for obtaining information, without the most distant idea of giving umbrage to any one. Her informant felt not, that his irritability had wounded her feelings, and was proceeding to shew his anger by some unpleasant remarks, when the address of the elderly gentleman was again called into exercise, to restore harmony.

That term *umbrage*, said he, which you, miss, very properly used just now, reminds me of a humorous anecdote wherein that word makes a conspicuous figure. In a narrative of an overland journey to India, written by Donald Campbell, Esq. I met with the following story.

"During the late American war, about that period when the King of France was manifesting an intention to interfere and join the Americans, a worthy Alderman in Dublin, reading the newspaper, observed a paragraph, intimating, that in consequence of British cruisers having stopped some French vessels at sea, and searched them, France had taken *umbrage*! The sagacious Alderman, more patriotic than learned, took the alarm, and proceeded with the paper in his hand, directly to a brother of the board, and, with unfeigned sorrow deplored the loss his country had sustained, in having a place of such consequence as *UMBRAGE* ravished from it! desiring to be informed in what part of the world *Umbrage* lay. The other, after a torrent of invective against ministers, answered that he could not tell, but it must be a place of importance, said he, for I have often heard it mentioned. They then waited on a neighboring book-seller, for information, who told them he believed there was no such place, but upon their triumphantly reading the paragraph from the newspaper, he shrewdly told them that he supposed *Umbrage* lay somewhere on the coast of America. They retired partly satisfied, while the arch book-seller spread the story over the city.—The papers were filled with satirical squibs—caricature prints recorded the patriotism of the magis-

trates, and a mob at their heels buzza'd for the taking of *Umbrage*, until their political zeal was cooled to a temperature more consistent with their information."

By the time the laugh subsided, which had been produced by this anecdote, the stage stopped, to put up for the night. [*Bost. Mag.*]

ON SLANDER.

"On eagle's wings immortal slanders fly,

"While virtuous actions are but born and die!"

OF the vices which cast a shade over this paragon of animals, man, some are so much more pardonable than others, that they scarcely retain the character, though they possess the essential quality of vice, and to the hasty eye appear to rank among virtues, when viewed in comparison with the vices that are near them. Those vices which arise from the natural passions, and those (they are many) which shoot from virtues carried to excess, rarely fail to be judged with indulgence; and to the strict moral eye itself seem diminished by their motives. Even where, in the selection of a vice, a good taste is displayed, and no rancor of heart appears to lurk at the bottom of it, the candid and liberal mind will consider the company of the former, and the absence of the latter as great extenuations of its guilt. But where a vice is seen whose fruits shew that it has its roots deep laid in a foul malignant, and corrupt heart, a vice which can only exist in company with the most sordid impurity of soul, and the most grovelling meanness of heart and vulgarity of mind; the most generous and most charitable turn from it with abhorrence unextenuated and unmixed, and from the wretch who is guilty of it with loathing, disgust and contempt. The vice, above all others, which possesses this innate baseness which takes the blackest hue from all its motives, and from which not one ray of light ever broke, is SLANDER! It is not only base in itself, but it tends to make all who hear it base also. It is incurable, because the heart from which it springs must be as corrupt as that of the carrion which has lain for a week under the rotting blaze of an equatorial sun, it is the crime, which, if we could be so foolish and sinful as to suppose God's attributes less than infinite, we must believe to be out of the reach of Heaven's mercy. It is the crime against which society, upon principles of self defence, should raise their hands as against the first murderer, and should chase its agents down as they would a Bengal tyger, or bruise their heads as they would that of a serpent. It is the curse of mankind—the curse even of the wretch who is guilty of it. It is to one sex a heart canker, to the other a disgrace. In women, it is indelicate, harsh, cruel, hard hearted, vulgar, and untender; in men, it is cruelty, baseness, meanness and cowardice. Yet can we keep our ears open for a day

and not hear enough to impress us with the mortifying persuasion that there are many who delight in that abominable practice.—

That there are many, who, though above propagating, will with pleasure listen to, and circulate the tale of hell; and many who let it pass without having the merit of internally condemning it.

That there are multitudes in this life who are so forlorn as to make choice of vices for their deformity, we every day witness. Slander at the very best deformed, seems to be adopted by some, in its various degrees, with avidity proportioned to the hideousness of its shape, to the extent of its mischievous effects, and to the inveterate virulence and turpitude of its quality. Over the faces of those, a person but moderately skilled in physiogomy, will see perpetually playing in a lambent flame, all the varied display of diabolical expression, which may be supposed to arise from a bad heart, as the fingers of malice run along the keys of it, striking every note of sin from the highest to the lowest of their gamut. The face seems inhuman; a piercing lively malice gleams in the eyes; the muscles of the nose are contracted, as if the olfactory nerves were violently assailed by an offensive smell; and the lips quiver as if there were small snakes forcing their passage from within, through the pores of the skin. In a word, the whole countenance, though to the heedless eye, apparently placid, is a lively picture, or rather epitome, of all the villainous propensities and disgraceful feelings and passions of the human heart.

By those who have diligently observed this canker worm of the human heart in its workings upon mankind, and have carefully treasured up the result of their observations, it must have been noticed that this unnatural passion for doing irreparable injury to a fellow creature is never found in full malignity in any but those who are themselves in their practice and principles, prominent examples of all the vicious qualities against which they inveigh.

"Set a thief to catch a thief" says the proverb—But the thief will not only catch a thief, but catch an honest man, and if he can, swear away his life too. Another very old proverb is, "w——is the first to cry w——." A very slight cursory view of calumniators and slanderers, with reference to their private characters, will demonstrate this. For these reasons we never hear a person violently criminating an absent person, that we do not attribute to the slanderer all the guilt, and more, of which he accuses the other. And as we never hear the tale of scandal from a person of a well spent life, so we may rest assured that when we do hear it, it is the effusion of a heart conscious of baseness, and exasperated to misanthropy by the goading sense of a life ill spent.

T. Q. W.

MISCELLANY.

RURAL CHARMS.

"Who can behold such beauty and be silent."

FROM scenes of mercenary intrigue, and political clamour, I frequently pay a visit to the pastoral retreat of tranquil felicity, and contrast the confusion of a seaport with the sweet enjoyment of peace in the country, where smiling plenty rewards the industrious farmer, and cheerful amusement brightens the aspect of the contented villager. Free from care, at evening all retire to pass the time as circumstances may invite. The rustic circle, with enlivening eclat, announces the accomplished feat, whilst hoary age sanctions the sport with a smile of approbation.

Each swain selects his favorite lass, and joins in the mazy dance, or rambles in the smiling fields, illumined by the silver beams of Cynthia's light, whose partial gleam through the thickset grove, plays on the meandering rivulet, and gives a romantic appearance to the scene. These are the joys of happy humble life. May propitious heaven ever bless those scenes, where artless simplicity charms the soul, frees the mind from the rude blasts of capricious avarice, and lulls all care to rest.

A MODEL.

The following female character is translated from the French. However highly coloured the portrait may appear it is not without a living original.

"It is her happiness to be ignorant of all that the world calls pleasure; her glory is to live in the duties of wife and mother; and she consecrates her days to the practice of social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family, she reigns over her husband by complaisance; over her children by mildness; over her domestics by goodness. Her house is the residence of religious sentiments, filial order, peace, sweet sleep, and good health. Economical and studious, she prevents want, and dissipates the evil passions; the indigent who present themselves at her door are never repulsed; the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity, that makes her respected; of indulgence and sensibility, that makes her loved; of prudence and firmness, that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light, which vivify and illumine all that encircle her."

Happy the man who possesses such a wife, and can justly appreciate her worth; happy the children who are nurtured by her care and modelled by her counsel; happy the domestics who wait her commands and enjoy her benevolence; and happy the society which holds in its bosom a being worthy of a better world.

REMARKABLE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LEGEND:

MURROUGH, a descendant of the famous King of Leinster, who invited the Earl of Pembroke into Ireland, by the bounty and hospitality of his life, became extremely popular and beloved. Though he had lost the royal hereditary honors of his illustrious house, he yet retained all the respect due to sovereignty; and, in short, was bowed to by his numerous family, tenantry, and the people in general, as submissively as if he really wore the crown of his ancestors. Fifty children, grand-children, and relations, fed every day at his board, and as many indigent individuals were made happy with the fragments.

But although the mind of Murrough was thus happy, although he rested thus secure on the confidence of mankind, he was yet unsafe; the shafts of envy were ready to assail him, and danger lurked in the moment of rational security.

Murrough used frequently to ride many miles attended only by an approving conscience, and the retrospect of virtue; and the singular custom was well known through the country.

In one of those solitary excursions, on a summer evening, when the sun began to gild the western mountains, and when all nature appeared clothed in serenity, he observed a naked infant boy, who seemed to be about three years of age, running on before him at the distance of about twenty yards: the sight, though singular, did not at first much affect our reverend traveller, who imagined that the child belonged to some cottage in the neighborhood; but after riding near a mile, the circumstance began to be interesting—the old man called, but the infant continued his progression, only turning round, displayed an angel smile, and beckoned to be followed. After running about a mile further: the surprise of old Murrough was in some degree abated, for the seraphic guide, as in the end he proved to be, turned off the road, and entered a respectable farm house at a small distance.

If the child had been certainly mortal, curiosity alone would have induced the old man to inquire at the house, how it came to be so far from home, and naked; but the fact was, that he now thought the thing altogether wonderful, and worthy of inquiry.

Accordingly our traveller rode up to the door, and desired to see the child that had just entered, and to know if he belonged to the house. The woman, whom he addressed, knew of no child!—the young men and women of that house were all grown up, and the family numerous: she ended with observing, that it was no child, but an angel who had been sent from heaven for his protection, and pressed our venerable traveller to continue until morning.

The astonishment, natural to an event so very uncommon, induced our traveller to alight; but after some conversation with the family, and a recollection of his conscious innocence, he determined to proceed. At the moment he attempted to mount his horse, he received a severe slap on the right side of his face, which at once deciding the question, he returned; and dispatching a messenger home with an account of what had happened, remained at the farm-house.

The next morning the whole country was in a state of consternation at the melancholy fate of an elderly gentleman, who had been assassinated by one Kevanagh, who being apprehended and convicted, confessed, at his execution, that he mistook his man, and that envy, at the universal good name of Murrough, had alone stimulated him to put an end to his life.—In the province of Leinster this story is universally known, and implicitly believed: the blow, which the old man received, left a mark that remained for life.

[The following article appeared in a late Vienna Court Gazette.

AN uncommon incident occurred on the 23d ult in Schwabenthal—A young female peasant having some time felt unusual pains and a pressure upon her stomach, was compelled to apply to a surgeon at St. Gall for a remedy. He at first endeavored to divert her from her complaint—but upon repeated applications he at last gave her an emetic, in consequence of which she brought up a number of small adders, about an inch in length, and some shorter; and these discharges were often repeated with a number of adder's eggs. Finding her complaint not yet removed, she drank some buttermilk, in which she put a quantity of salt. This producing a stronger effort in her stomach, she found something strange had arisen in her mouth, and which she immediately drew out, throwing it upon the ground—it appeared to be an adder of considerable size; it hissed, turned upon her, and shewed every sign of anger; she however, saved herself by flight.—All the particulars of this affair are to be enclosed in a process verbal, in order that no kind of doubt of its authenticity may remain!

AMUSING.

CIBBER.

THIS strange eccentric wag, in company with three other *bon vivants*, made an excursion to France. One had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach, and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his own and his neighbor's infirmity, they agreed that at every halting place they would all affect the same situation with the

larity. When they came to breakfast were all to squint—and as the country stood gaping round, when they first alighted, “ad rot it” cried one, “how that man squints. “Why damn me,” says the second, “here be another squinting fellow.” The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted—for they went on in a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had at breakfast. At tea, they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter—“Here, you fellow, take out my teeth?”—“Teeth sir! Ay, teeth sir. Unscrew that wire, and you’ll find them all come out together, after some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered.

This was no sooner performed, than a second cried out, here you, take out my eye: how sir, said the waiter, your eye? Yes, my eye; come here you stupid dog, pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible! This done, a third cried out, here, you rascal,—take off my leg? This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also perceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was surveying with a rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, laying upon the table—cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, come here sir, take off my head! Turning round, and seeing the man’s head shaking, like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and, after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

Lancaster, October 3, 1804.

DIED, on Monday, the 24th ult. at the house of Mr. Daniel Witmer, at the Cone-stogoe bridge, a stranger, who arrived there the preceding day, extremely ill and speechless. It is thought, by his papers, that his name was James Stewart; that he was an inhabitant of Mifflin county, and an officer in the militia. He has left, in the possession of Mr. Witmer, about ninety pounds of money, a gold watch, a sorrowful tract, for sundry papers, which lady, should first prohibit the friends of the weeds, and then enjoin the extracting of those which might rise, as soon as they made their appearance.

And this, said he, would be effectual, either in the natural or mental garden;—it would prevent vice and folly from stalking with unblushing front, among the rising

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POETRY.

ADDRESS TO MY FATHER'S MEMORY.

MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,
When by my father's side, a stripling boy,
I pac'd with steps unequal: fain to tell
Of some new practis'd game, some new bought toy.

How oft with bliss, which later days deny,
My prattling tongue a story would repeat!
Bounding beneath his tender smile, how high
With blameless pride my filial heart would beat.

O for those hours of ecstasy again,
Which thus on life's sweet prime their lustre shed,
The radiant season I invite in vain,
With second beam to gild this orphan head:—

It comes not twice. Nor boots it to repine;
I with his ashes soon may mingle mine.

MR. M'DOWELL,
Should the following STANZAS be consistent with the
plan of your paper, it would gratify me to see them
deposited therein. A READER.

ON her *Naval Force* depending,
Let Columbia steer her course;
When affronted, vengeance sending—
And defying every force.

Let us landmen—without party,
Act like brethren on the flood;
To one cause alone be hearty—
And be that our country's good.

[The following wholesome advice is copied from the
wall of a country inn, where it was inscribed by
the hand of a village school-master.] [Bal.]

COME, my old friend, and take a pot;
But mark now what I say:
While drinking to thy neighbor's health,
Drink not thy own away.

It but too often is the case,
While we sit o'er the pot,
And kindly wish our friend good health,
Our own is quite forgot.

THE GRAVE.

THIS is the land, from whose contracted bourn,
None of its num'rous tenants ere return:
Here countless millions, wrapt in darkness sleep,
Dismiss their sorrows and forget to weep.

Here old and young, the treacherous and the just,
Lie down alike, and mingle with the dust.
Here sleeps the king, the hero, and the bard;
And here repose the vile inglorious herd.

Here anger cools; the flame of love expires,
With all the gay, and more licentious fires;
Here jealousy subsides; here pride is crush'd;
And avarice, like the serpent, licks the dust.

Here fear, ungrateful guest! no more intrudes;
Nor hope, sweet cherub! pleasingly deludes.
No friendly intercourse; no cheerful song;
To wake or cheer the cold unconscious throng.

a *Barry*, awful silence! O, my God!
they would be the place of my abode?
curse of mankind—the did I shrink,
wretch who is guilty of it. lipperry brink.
a heart canker, to the other a disgrace.
women, it is indelicate, harsh, cruel, hard
hearted, vulgar, and untender; in men, it is
cruelty, baseness, meanness and cowardice.
Yet can we keep our ears open for a day

MORAL AND USEFUL.

FORTITUDE.

PERILS, misfortunes, want, pain, and
injury, are more or less the certain lot of
every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of
calamity! early to fortify thy mind with cou-
rage and patience, that thou mayest support,
with a becoming resolution, thy allotted por-
tion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labor, heat, hunger,
and thirst, through deserts of sand, and faint-
eth not, so the fortitude of man shall sustain
him through all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of
fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be
cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to de-
pend on her smiles, and therefore with her
frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea shore he standeth
firm, and the dashing of the waves don't
disturb him.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill,
and fortune's arrows drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger, the courage of
his heart sustaineth him; and the steadiness
of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life like a man
that goeth but to battle, and returneth with
victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his
calmness alleviates their weight, and his con-
stancy shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of a timorous man
betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth
down to meanness; and by tamely bearing
insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with the breath of
the air, so the shadow of evil maketh him
tremble.

In the hour of danger, he is embarrassed
and confounded: in the day of misfortune he
sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

ON THE DEATH OF A RICH MAN.

MAN giveth up the ghost, and where is
he? Where, indeed! Look around ye, on
the day when his death is announced, in the
place where his life was passed:—Where is
he? Seek him in the countenances of his
neighbors; they are without a cloud—he is
not there. The faces, upon which he has
closed his eyes forever, continue as cheerful
as they were before. His death is reported
in the social circle; the audience receive it
with indifference, and forget it with haste.
—The seriousness with which it is heard,
springs rather from human pity, or from
moral reflection, than from social distress;
and in a moment, the current of convivial
mirth recovers the liveliness of its flow.—
The business and the pleasures of the place
proceed with usual spirit; and perhaps, in

the house which stands next to that in which
he lies an unconscious lump of clay, in the
cheerless chamber of silence and insensibi-
lity, the noise of music and dancing is heard,
and the roof resounds with jubilee and joy.
—Wait but a few days after his interment:
Seek him now in the faces of his kinsmen;
they have resumed their cheerfulness; now,
he is not there.—When a few years have
circled over his sepulchre—go, search for
the fugitive, in his dark retreat from human
notice; he is not now even there.—Stay a
little longer, and thou shalt seek in vain for
a stone to tell thee in what part of the land
of oblivion he was laid; even that frail me-
morial of him, of whatever materials it was
made, has mouldered away—"Man dieth;
and where is he?"

NEW METHOD OF HEADING CABBAGES
IN THE WINTER.

LAST fall, at the usual time of taking
in cabbages, I had a number that were well
grown, but which had no appearance of a
head. I dug a trench on the southern de-
clivity of a hill, about eighteen inches wide,
and twenty or twenty-two inches deep, and
took sixteen cabbages of the above descrip-
tion and set them out in the bottom of the
trench, in their natural position, with the
roots well covered with sand: I then filled
the trench with straw on each side of the
cabbages, and laid straw over the tops of
them to prevent the sand from getting in;
then placed a rail over the middle of the
trench to prevent any pressure on the cab-
bages, and completed the work by throwing
on more straw and forming a ridge of sand
over the whole to keep out frost and water.
—In the latter part of March I opened the
trench and took out the cabbages, and found
each one with a common sized head, white,
solid, and well tasted.

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